

PR
4699
FII
A65



SELECTED FROM

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, D.D.



Northampton, Mass.
BRIDGMAN AND CHILDS.
1868.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by
BRIDGMAN AND CHILDS,
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Cambridge: Stereotyped and Printed by John Wilson and Son.



P R E F A C E.

Since the English editions of "Faber's Hymns" are quite expensive, and contain much that has no interest for any who are not members of his church, I have taken pains to exclude all that is sectarian from these pages, and have only culled that which will be dear to any heart desiring to "grow in the knowledge and love of God."

The few hymns by Faber that have already been published in such selections as "Hymns of the Ages" have met with so much favor, that I confidently anticipate an immediate and wide popularity for this selection, which includes all the best Hymns and Poems of the larger and more costly work, which has never been republished in this country.

PREFACE.

I have omitted here and there a verse, but have not in any case altered one word of the original text.

I feel sure that those who once read these pages will read them again with increasing delight and profit. It will prove a true friend in joy or sorrow, and will be a valuable gift, as it says so much that we all feel, yet cannot always so well express.

H. L. B.

PRITTSFIELD, Mass.





CONTENTS.

I.—HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

	PAGE
THE THOUGHT OF GOD	3
THE ETERNAL WORD	7
THE ETERNAL FATHER	10
MY FATHER	15
THE GREATNESS OF GOD	18
OUR HEAVENLY FATHER	21
JESUS MY GOD AND MY ALL	24
JESUS IS GOD	27
THE WILL OF GOD	31
PREDESTINATION	35
THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD	39
THE ETERNAL SPIRIT	43
VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS	47
THE AGONY	49
COME TO JESUS	53
CONVERSION	56
THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG ON HIS MARCH TO HEAVEN	59
THE WORLD	61

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
PEEVISHNESS	64
SELF-LOVE	68
HARSH JUDGMENTS	71
PERFECTION	77
DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER	80
DRYNESS IN PRAYER	84
LOW SPIRITS	88
TRUE LOVE	91
DESIRE OF GOD	96
THE GIFTS OF GOD	100
THE RIGHT MUST WIN	104

II.—HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

A CHILD'S DEATH	110
AFTER A DEATH	114
THE HOUSE OF MOURNING	119
DEEP GRIEF	125
THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD	129

III.—THE LAST THINGS.

THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT	135
HOW GENTLY FLOW THE SILENT YEARS	137
WISHES ABOUT DEATH	140
THE PATHS OF DEATH	143
THE LENGTH OF DEATH	147
THE ETERNAL YEARS	151
FROM "THE SHORE OF ETERNITY"	155
THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA	158

CONTENTS.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.

	PAGE
THE STARRY SKIES	163
THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS	168
THE SORROWFUL WORLD	171
MUSIC	176
THE OLD LABORER	182
THE SACRED HEART	187
FROM “LIGHT IN DARKNESS”	190
THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK	192





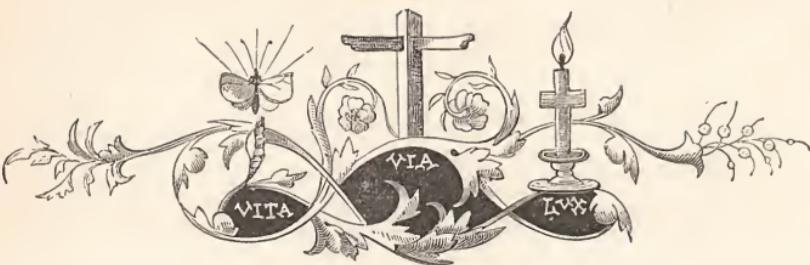
I.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.



A

I



THE THOUGHT OF GOD.

HE thought of God, the thought of Thee,
Who liest in my heart,
And yet beyond imagined space
Outstretched and present art, —

The thought of Thee, above, below,
Around me and within,
Is more to me than health and wealth,
Or love of kith and kin.

The thought of God is like the tree
Beneath whose shade I lie,
And watch the fleet of snowy clouds
Sail o'er the silent sky.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

'Tis like that soft, invading light
Which in all darkness shines,
The thread that through life's sombre web
In golden pattern twines.
|

It is a thought which ever makes
Life's sweetest smiles from tears,
It is a daybreak to our hopes,
A sunset to our fears.
|

One while it bids the tears to flow,
Then wipes them from the eyes,
Most often fills our soul with joy,
And always sanctifies.

Within a thought so great, our souls
Little and modest grow,
And, by its vastness awed, we learn
The art of walking slow.

The wild flower on the grassy ground
Scarce bends its pliant form,
When overhead the autumnal wood
Is thundering like a storm.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

So is it with our humbled souls,
Down in the thought of God,
Scarce conscious in their sober peace
Of the wild storms abroad.

To think of Thee is almost prayer,
And is outspoken praise ;
And pain can even passive thoughts
To actual worship raise.

O Lord ! I live always in pain,
My life's sad under-song, —
Pain in itself not hard to bear,
But hard to bear so long.

Little sometimes weighs more than much,
When it has no relief ;
A joyless life is worse to bear
Than one of active grief.

And yet, O Lord ! a suffering life
One grand ascent may dare ;
Penance, not self-imposed, can make
The whole of life a prayer.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

All murmurs lie inside Thy Will
Which are to Thee addressed ;
To suffer for Thee is our work,
To think of Thee, our rest.





THE ETERNAL WORD.

HMID the eternal silences
God's endless Word was spoken ;
None heard but He who always spake,
And the silence was unbroken.

CHORUS.

Oh, marvellous ! oh, worshipful !
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks His dear eternal Word.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

For ever in the eternal land
The glorious day is dawning ;
For ever is the Father's light
Like an endless outspread morning.

From the Father's vast tranquillity
In light co-equal glowing
The kingly consubstantial Word
Is unutterably flowing.

For ever climbs that morning star,
Without ascent or motion ;
For ever is its daybreak shed
On the Spirit's boundless ocean.

O Word ! who fitly can adore
Thy birth and Thy relation,
Lost in the impenetrable light
Of Thine awful Generation ?

Thy Father clasps Thee evermore
In unspeakable embraces,
While the angels tremble as they praise,
And shroud their dazzled faces.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

And oh ! in what abyss of Love,
So fiery yet so tender,
The Holy Ghost encircles Thee
With His uncreated splendor !

O Word ! O dear and gentle Word !
Thy creatures kneel before Thee,
And in ecstasies of timid love
Delightedly adore Thee.

Hail, choicest mystery of God !
Hail wondrous Generation !
The Father's self-sufficient rest !
The Spirit's jubilation !

Dear person ! dear beyond all words,
Glorious beyond all telling !
Oh, with what songs of silent love
Our ravished hearts are swelling !

Oh, marvellous ! oh, worshipful !
No song or sound is heard,
But everywhere and every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power,
The Father speaks his dear Eternal Word.



THE ETERNAL FATHER.

A
THER ! the sweetest, dearest name
That men or angels know !
Fountain of life, that had no fount
From which itself could flow !

Thy life is one unwearing day ;
Before its "Now," thou hast
No varied future yet unlived,
No lapse of changeless past.

Thou comest not, Thou goest not ,
Thou wert not, wilt not be ;
Eternity is but a thought
By which we think of Thee.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

No epochs lie behind Thy life ;
Thou hold'st Thy life of none :
No other life is by Thy side ;
Thine is supremely lone.

Far upward in the timeless past,
Ere form or space had come,
We see Thee in Thine own dread light,
Thyself Thine only home.

Thy vastness is not young or old ;
Thy life hath never grown ;
No time can measure out Thy days ;
No space can make Thy throne.

Thy life is deep within Thyself,
Sole unbegotten Sire !
But Son and Spirit flow from Thee,
In co-eternal fire.

They flow from Thee, They rest in Thee
As in a Father's breast,—
Processions of eternal love,
Pulses of endless rest !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

That They in majesty should reign
Co-equal, Sire ! with Thee,
But magnifies the singleness
Of Thy paternity.

Their uncreated glories, Lord !
With Thine own glory shine ;
Thy glory, as the Father, needs
That Theirs should equal Thine.

All things are equal in Thy life ;
Thou joy'st to be alone,
To have no sire, and yet to have
A co-eternal Son.

Thy Spirit is Thy jubilee ;
Thy Word is Thy delight,
Thou givest Them to equal Thee
In glory and in might.

Thou art too great to keep unshared
Thy grand Eternity ;
They have it, as Thy gift to Them,
Which is no gift to Thee.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

We too, like Thy co-equal Word,
 Within Thy lap may rest ;
We too, like Thine Eternal Dove,
 May nestle in Thy breast.

Lone fountain of the Godhead, hail !
 Person most dread and dear !
I thrill with frightened joy to feel
 Thy fatherhood so near.

Lost in Thy greatness, Lord ! I live
 As in some gorgeous maze ;
Thy sea of unbegotten light
 Blinds me, and yet I gaze.

For Thy grandeur is all tenderness,
 All motherlike and meek ;
The hearts that will not come to it,
 Humbling itself to seek.

Thou feign'st to be remote, and speak'st
 As if from far above,
That fear may make more bold with Thee,
 And be beguiled to love.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

On earth, Thou hidest, not to scare
Thy children with Thy light ;
Then shovest us Thy face in heaven,
When we can bear the sight.

All fathers learn their craft from Thee ;
All loves are shadows cast
From the beautiful eternal hills
Of Thine unbeginning past.





MY FATHER.



GOD ! Thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright ;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing
Creation can behold ;
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins
The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and evermore,
Should we, Thy creatures, bless,
Most worshipful of attributes,
Thine awful holiness.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

There's not a craving in the mind,
Thou dost not meet and still ;
There's not a wish the heart can have,
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

I see Thee in the eternal years
In glory all alone,
Ere round Thine uncreated fires
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade ;
I see Thee all through time ;
Thy patience and compassion seem
New attributes sublime.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er,
And out-worn time is done,
Still, still incomprehensible,
O God ! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls,
Of Thee have drunk their fill ;
And to eternity will drink
Thy joy and glory still.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

From Thee were drawn those worlds of life,
The Saviour's heart and soul ;
And, undiminished still, Thy waves
Of calmest glory roll.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed ;
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed, —

All these may draw upon Thy power,
Thy mercy may command ;
And still outflows Thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine ! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own ?



THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

O MAJESTY unspeakable and dread !
Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,
Thou wert, O Lord ! too great for our
belief,
Too little for our heart.

Thy greatness would seem monstrous by the side
Of creatures frail and undivine ;
Yet they would have a greatness of their own,
Free and apart from Thine.

Such grandeur were but a created thing,
A spectre, terror, and a grief,
Out of all keeping with a world so calm,
Oppressing our belief.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

But greatness, which is infinite, makes room
For all things in its lap to lie ;
We should be crushed by a magnificence
Short of infinity.

It would outgrow us from the face of things
Still prospering as we decayed ;
And, like a tyrannous rival, it would feed
Upon the wrecks it made.

But what is infinite must be a home,
A shelter for the meanest life,
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth,
Far from the touch of strife.

We share in what is infinite ; 'tis ours,
For we and it alike are Thine ;
What I enjoy, great God ! by right of Thee,
Is more than doubly mine.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie
Outside us like a boundless sea ;
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
Nor drift away from Thee.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Out on that sea, we are in harbor still,
And scarce advert to winds and tides,
Like ships that ride at anchor, with the waves
Flapping against their sides.

Thus doth Thy grandeur make us grand ourselves ;
"Tis goodness bids us fear ;
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are
When those they love are near.

Great God ! our lowness takes heart to play
Beneath the shadow of Thy state ;
The only comfort of our littleness
Is that thou art so great.

Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down ;
Already life is heaven for me ;
No cradled child more softly lies than I,—
Come soon, Eternity !



OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

MY God ! how wonderful Thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy seat
In depths of burning light !

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord !
By prostrate spirits, day and night
Incessantly adored !

How beautiful, how beautiful
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power
And awful purity !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Oh, how I fear Thee, living God !
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord !
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.

Oh, then, this worse than worthless heart
In pity deign to take,
And make it love Thee for Thyself
And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,
No mother half so mild
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,
Oh what a joy it is !
To think the thought, to breathe the name,
Earth has no higher bliss.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Father of Jesus, love's Reward !
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie
And gaze, and gaze on Thee !





JESUS MY GOD AND MY ALL.

—♦—

O JESUS ! Jesus ! dearest Lord !
 Forgive me if I say
For very love Thy sacred Name
 A thousand times a day.

I love Thee so, I know not how
 My transports to control ;
Thy love is like a burning fire
 Within my very soul.

Oh wonderful ! that Thou shouldst let
 So vile a heart as mine
Love Thee with such a love as this,
 And make so free with Thine.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me ;
Ah ! dearest Jesus ! I have grown
Childish with love of Thee !

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth,
My heart's desire, my body's strength,
My soul's eternal health.

Burn, burn, O Love ! within my heart
Burn fiercely night and day,
'Till all the dross of earthly loves
Is burned, and burned away.

O light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O Heaven begun on earth !
Jesus ! my love ! my treasure ! who
Can tell what Thou art worth ? —

O Jesus ! Jesus ! sweetest Lord !
What art Thou not to me ? —
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

What limit is there to thee, Love?
Thy flight where wilt thou stay?
On ! on ! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus ! blessed love !
So will it ever be ;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,
No, nor eternity.





JESUS IS GOD.



ESUS is God ! the solid earth,
The ocean broad and bright,
The countless stars, like golden dust
That strew the skies at night,

The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,
The pleasant, wholesome air,
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,
His own creations were.

Jesus is God ! the glorious bands
Of golden angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to Him,
Their Maker, and their King.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross, true God,
He who in heaven eternal reigned,
In time, on earth abode.

Jesus is God ! there never was
A time when He was not ;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot !

Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss,—
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are His !

Jesus is God ! alas ! they say
On earth the numbers grow,
Who His Divinity blaspheme
To their unfailing woe.

And yet what is the single end
Of this life's mortal span,
Except to glorify the God
Who for our sakes was man ?

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Jesus is God ! let sorrow come,
And pain, and every ill ;
All are worth while, for all are means
His glory to fulfil ;

Worth while a thousand years of life
'To speak one little word,
If by our Credo we might own
The Godhead of our Lord !

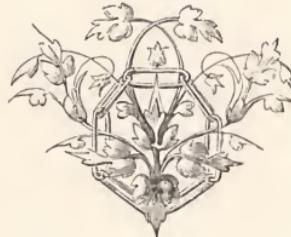
Jesus is God ! oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy I should be !

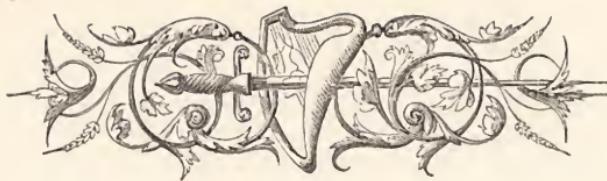
Oh, had I but an angel's voice
I would proclaim so loud,—
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,
Is everlasting God !

Jesus is God ! if on the earth
This blessed faith decays,
More tender must our love become,
More plentiful our praise.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel.





THE WILL OF GOD.



WORSHIP Thee, sweet will of God !
And all Thy ways adore,
And every day I live, I seem
To love Thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule
Of our Saviour's toils and tears ;
Thou wert the passion of His heart
Those three and thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul
A special love of Thee,
A love to lose my will in His,
And by that loss be free.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

I love to see Thee bring to nought
The plans of wily men ;
When simple hearts outwit the wise,
Oh Thou art loveliest then !

The headstrong world, it presses hard
Upon the church full oft,
And then how easily Thou turnst
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet ;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed will !
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.

I know not what it is to doubt ;
My heart is ever gay ;
I run no risk, for come what will
Thou always hast Thy way.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

I have no cares, O blessed will !
For all my cares are Thine,
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou
Hast made Thy triumphs mine,

And when it seems no chance or change
From grief can set me free,
Hope finds its strength in helplessness
And gayly waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God
Its end can never miss,
For men on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.

Ride on, ride on triumphantly,
Thou glorious will ! ride on ;
Faith's pilgrim sons, behind Thee take
The road that Thou hast gone.

He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him, when
It triumphs at his cost.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Ill that He blesses, is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong
If it be His sweet Will.





PREDESTINATION.



ATHER and God ! mine endless doom
Is hidden in Thy hand,
And I shall know not what it is
'Till at Thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
For me in Thy dread will ;
I in my helpless ignorance
Must tremble and lie still.

All light is darkness, when I think
Of what may be my fate ;
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach
Both faith and love to wait.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

A little strife of flesh and soul,
A single word from Thee,
And in a moment I possess
A fixed Eternity ;—

Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed !
Oh at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
Comes with terrific power ;

As though into some awful depth
Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow,
As it goes sounding on.

My fears adore Thee, O my God !
My heart is chilled with awe ;
Yet love from out that very chill
Fresh life and heat can draw.

Thou owest me no duties, Lord !
Thy being hath no ties ;
The world lies open to Thy will,
Its victim, and its prize.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Father ! Thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below.
Not bound by justice but because
Thyself hath willed it so.

The fallen creature hath no rights,
No voice in Thy decrees ;
Yet while Thy glory owns no claims,
Thy love makes promises.

Thou mayest have willed that I should die
In friendship, Lord ! with Thee,
Or I may in the act of sin
Touch on Eternity.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord !
For Thou art God alone ?
My soul is safer in Thy hands,
Father ! than in my own.

I worship Thee with breathless fears ;
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt ;
The worst Thine anger hath in store
Is far below my guilt.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

O fearful thought ! one act of sin
Within itself contains
The power of endless hate of God,
And everlasting pains.

For me to do such act I know
How slight a change I need,
Yet know not if restraining grace
For me hath been decreed.

What can I do but trust Thee, Lord ?
That trust my heart will cheer ;
And love must learn to live abashed
Beneath continual fear.

That Thou art God, is my one joy ;
Whate'er Thy will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
In Thy last doom of me.



THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.



GOD! who wert my childhood's love,
My boyhood's pure delight,
A presence felt the livelong day,
A welcome fear at night.

O let me speak to Thee, dear God!
Of those old mercies past,
O'er which new mercies day by day
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord!
Sweet was the freedom deemed,
And yet more like a mother's ways
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

At school Thou wert a kindly face
Which I could almost see ;
But home and holiday appeared
Somehow more full of Thee.

I could not sleep unless Thy hand
Were underneath my head,
That I might kiss it if I lay
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt—
I knew that Thou wert near,
A silence tingling in the room,
A strangely pleasant fear.

And to home Sundays long since passed
How strangely memory clings ;
For then my mother told of Thee
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I know not what I thought of Thee,
What picture I had made
Of that eternal Majesty
To whom my childhood prayed.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

I know I used to lie awake
And tremble at the shape
Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish
Thy terrors to escape.

I had no secrets as a child,
Yet never spoke of Thee ;
The nights we spent together, Lord !
Were only known to me.

I lived two lives which seemed distinct
Yet which did intertwine ;
One was my mother's—it is gone—
The other, Lord ! was Thine.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord !
But sinned before Thy face ;
Yet now on looking back, my sins
Seem all beset with grace.

With age Thou grewest more Divine,
More glorious than before ;
I feared Thee with a deeper fear
Because I loved Thee more.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

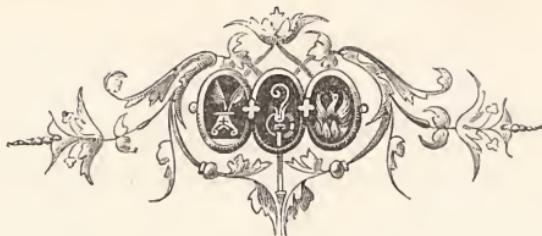
Thou broadenest out with every year
Each breadth of life to meet;
I scarce can think Thou art the same,
Thou art so much more sweet.

Changed and not changed, Thy present charms
Thy past ones only prove;
O make my heart more strong to bear
This newness of Thy love!

These novelties of Love! when will
Thy goodness find an end?
Whither will Thy compassions, Lord!
Incredibly extend? —

Father! what hast Thou grown to now?
A joy all joys above,
Something more sacred than a fear,
More tender than a love!

With gentle swiftness lead me on,
Dear God! to see Thy face;
And meanwhile in my narrow heart
O make Thyself more space!



THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

EOUNTAIN of love ! Thyself true God !
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways !

O Majesty unspeakable !
O Person all Divine !
How in the Threefold Majesty
Doth Thy Procession shine !

Fixed in the Godhead's awful light
Thy fiery Breath doth move ;
Thou art a wonder by Thyself
To worship and to love !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Proceeding, yet of equal age,
With those whose love Thou art ;
Proceeding, yet distinct, from those
From whom Thou seems't to part ;

An undivided nature shared
With Father and with Son ;
A person by Thyself ; with them
Thy simple essence one ;

Bond art Thou of the other twain !
Omnipotent and free !
The consummating love of God !
The limit of the three !

Thou limitest Infinity,
Thyself all infinite ;
The Godhead lives, and loves, and rests,
In thine eternal light.

I dread Thee, unbegotten Love !
True God ! sole fount of grace !
And now before Thy blessed throne
My sinful self abase.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Ocean, wide-flowing ocean, Thou,
 Of uncreated Love ;
I tremble as within my soul
 I feel thy waters move.

Thou art a sea without a shore ;
 Awful, immense Thou art ;
A sea which can contract itself
 Within my narrow heart.

And yet Thou art a haven too
 Out on the shoreless sea,
A harbor that can hold full well
 Shipwrecked humanity.

Thou art an unborn breath outbreathed
 On angels and on men,
Subduing all things to Thyself,
 We know not how or when.

Thou art a God of fire, that doth
 Create while He consumes !
A God of light ! whose rays on earth
 Darken where He illumes !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

All things, dread Spirit ! to Thy praise
Thy presence doth transmute ;
Evil itself Thy glory bears,
Its one abiding fruit !

O light ! O love ! O very God !
I dare no longer gaze
Upon Thy wondrous attributes,
And their mysterious ways.

O Spirit, beautiful and dread !
My heart is fit to break
With love of all Thy tenderness
For us poor sinners' sake.

Thy love of Jesus I adore ;
My comfort this shall be,
That when I serve my dearest Lord,
That service worships Thee !



VENI, SANCTE SPIRITUS.

COME, Holy Spirit ! from the height
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light !
Come, Father of the friendless poor !

Giver of gifts, and light of hearts,
Come with that unction which imparts
Such consolations as endure.

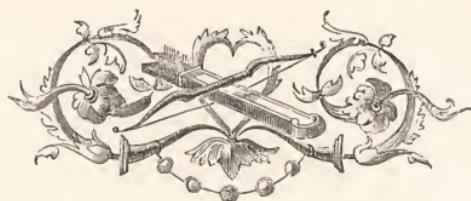
The soul's refreshment and her guest,
Shelter in heat, in labor rest,
The sweetest solace in our woe !
Come, blissful light ! Oh come and fill,
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,
And make our inward fervor glow.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Where Thou art, Lord ! there is no ill,
For evil's self Thy light can kill ;
Oh let that light upon us rise !
Lord ! heal our wounds and cleanse our stains,
Fountain of grace ! and with Thy rains
Our barren spirits fertilize.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,
And quicken what the world would chill !
And homeward call the feet that stray ;
Virtue's reward and final grace,
The Eternal vision face to face,
Spirit of Love ! for these we pray.





THE AGONY.

O SOUL of Jesus ! sick to death !
Thy Blood and prayer together plead ;
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight — and still the oppressive load
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie ;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord !
All darkly on Thy human soul :
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread ;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy Head.

Thy Spirit weighs the sins of men ;
Thy science fathoms all their guilt ;
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,
And the pores open, Blood is spilt,

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord !
Even to the limit of Thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if Thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger ! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint ;
All, save the love within Thy heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

My God ! my God ! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

I sin — and heaven and earth go round
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if God's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord ?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self, and love of Thee ?

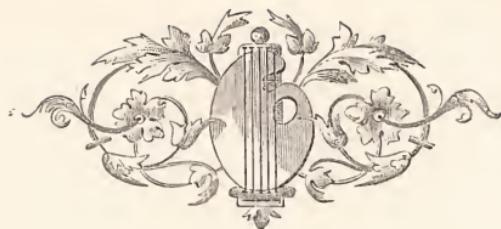
Oh by the pains of Thy pure love,
Grant me the gift of holy fear ;
And give me of Thy bloody sweat
To wash my guilty conscience clear !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSEST.

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made,

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sin there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear.





COME TO JESUS.



SOULS of men, why will ye scatter
Like a crowd of frightened sheep?—
Foolish hearts! why will ye wander
From a love so true and deep?—

Was there ever kindest shepherd
Half so gentle, half so sweet,
As the Saviour who would have us
Come and gather round His feet?—

It is God: His love looks mighty,
But is mightier than it seems!
'Tis our Father; and His fondness
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea ;
There's a kindness in His justice
 Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in heaven ;
There is no place where earth's failings
 Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good ;
There is mercy with the Saviour ;
 There is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands
 Of new worlds as great as this ;
There is room for fresh creations
 In that upper home of bliss.

For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind ;
And the Heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

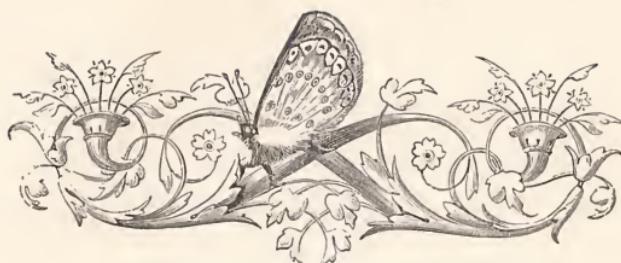
But we make His love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify His strictness
With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption
In the blood that has been shed ;
There is joy for all the members
In the sorrows of the Head.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus ;
It is something more than all ;
Greater good because of evil,
Larger mercy through the fall.

Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus ;
And oh come not doubting thus,
But with faith that trusts more bravely
His huge tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple
We should take Him at His word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.



CONVERSION.

O FAITH ! thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how nor when.

To one thy grave, unearthly truths
A heavenly vision seem ;
While to another's eye they are
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look
So naturally true,
That when he learns the lesson first
He hardly thinks it new.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

To other hearts the self-same truths
 No light or heat can bring ;
They are but puzzling phrases strung
 Like beads upon a string.

O gift of gifts ! O grace of faith !
 My God ! how can it be
That Thou who hast discerning love
 Shouldst give that gift to me ?

There was a place, there was a time,
 Whether by night or day,
The Spirit came and left that gift
 And went upon its way.

How many hearts Thou mightest have had
 More innocent than mine,
How many souls more worthy far
 Of that sweet touch of Thine !

Ah grace ! into unlikeliest hearts
 It is Thy boast to come,
The glory of Thy light to find
 In darkest spots a home.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

How can they live, how will they die,
How bear the cross of grief,
Who have not got the light of faith,
The courage of belief?—

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light;
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright.

Oh happy, happy that I am !
If Thou canst be, O Faith,
The treasure that thou art in life,
What wilt thou be in death?

Thy choice, O God of goodness ! then
I lovingly adore ;
O give me grace to keep Thy grace,
And grace to merit more.



THE CHRISTIAN'S SONG ON HIS MARCH TO HEAVEN.

BLEST is the faith divine and strong,
Of thanks and praise an endless fountain,
Whose life is one perpetual song
High up the Saviour's holy mountain.

Blest is the hope that holds to God
In doubt and darkness still unshaken,
And sings along the heavenly road,
Sweetest when most it seems forsaken.

Blest is the love that cannot love
Aught that earth gives of best and brightest,
Whose raptures thrill like saints' above,
Most when its earthly gifts are lightest.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Blest is the time that in the eye
Of God its hopeful watch is keeping,
And grows into Eternity
Like noiseless trees when men are sleeping.





THE WORLD.



JESUS ! if in days gone by
My heart hath loved the world too well,
It needs more love for love of Thee
To bid this cherished world farewell.

And yet I can rejoice there are
So many things on earth to love,
So many idols for the fire,
My love and loyal change to prove.

He that loves most hath most to lose
And willing loss is Love's best prize ;
The more that Yesterday hath loved
The more To-day can sacrifice.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSEST.

O Earth ! thou art too beautiful,
And thou, dear home ! thou art too sweet,
The winning ways of flesh and blood
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet.

The woods and flowers and running streams,
The sunshine of the common skies,
The round of household peace — what heart
But owns the might of these dear ties ?

The sweetness of known faces is
A couch where weary souls repose ;
Known voices are as David's harp,
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

And yet, bright world ! thou art not wise ;
Oh no ! enchantress though thou art,
Thou art not skilful in thy way
Of dealing with a wearied heart.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,
I might have been thy servant still ;
But slighted love and broken faith,
Poor world ! these are beyond thy skill.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Oh, bless thee, bless thee, treacherous world !
That thou dost play so false a part,
And drive, like sheep into the fold,
Our loves into our Saviour's heart. /

This have I leaned upon, sweet Lord !
This world hath had Thy rightful place ;
But come, dear jealous King of love !
Come and begin Thy reign of grace.

Banish far from me all I love,
The smiles of friends, the old fireside,
And drive me to that home of homes,
The heart of Jesus crucified. /

Take all the light away from earth,
Take all that men can love from me ;
Let all I lean upon give way,
That I may lean on naught but Thee.



PEEVISHNESS.



OGOD ! that I could be with Thee
Alone by some sea shore,
And hear Thy soundless voice within,
And the outward waters roar.

The cold wet wind would seem to wash
The world from off my brow ;
And I should feel amidst the storm
That none were near but Thou.

Each wave that broke upon the rocks
Would seem to break on me ;
And he who stands an outward shock
Gains inward liberty.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Upon the wings of wild sea-birds,
My dark thoughts would I lay,
And let them bear them out to sea,
In the tempest far away.

For life has grown a simple weight ;
Each effort seems a fall ;
And all things weary me on earth,
But good things most of all.

And I am deadly sick of men,
From shame, and not from pride ;
My love of souls, my joy in saints,
Are blossoms that have died.

It seems as if I loathed the earth
And yet craved not for heaven,
But for another nature longed,
Not that which Thou hast given.

For goodness all ignoble seems,
Ungenerous and small,
And the holy are so wearisome,
Their very virtues pall.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Alas ! this peevishness with good
Is want of love of God ;
Unloving thoughts within distort
The look of things abroad.

The discord is within, which jars
So sadly in life's song ;
'Tis we, not they, who are in fault,
When others seem so wrong.

'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves ;
Self is the irksome weight ;
To those who can see straight themselves,
All things look always straight.

My God ! with what surpassing love
Thou lovest all on earth,
How good the least good is to Thee,
How much each soul is worth !

I seem to think if I could spend
One hour alone with Thee,
My human heart would come again
From Thy Divinity.

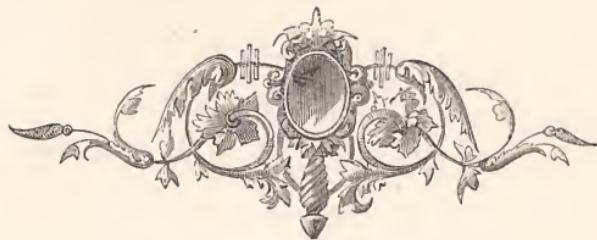
HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

And yet I cannot build a cell
For Thee within my heart,
And meet Thee, as Thy chosen do,
Where Thou most truly art.

The bright examples round me seem
My dazzled eyes to hurt ;
Thy beauty, which they should reflect,
They dwindle and invert.

Therefore I crave for scenes which might
My fettered thoughts unbind,
And where the elements might be
Like scapegoats to my mind.

Where all things round should loudly tell
Storm, rocks, sea-birds and sea,
Not of Thy worship, but much more,
And only, Lord ! of Thee.



SELF-LOVE.

"Christ pleased not Himself."



My very thoughts are selfish, always building
Mean castles in the air ;
I use my love for others for a gilding
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging
 My merit or my blame;
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious grudging
 Of praise which I might claim.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

In youth, or age, by city, wood, or mountain,
 Self is forgotten never ;
Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,
 Its waters flow forever.

Alas ! no speed in life can snatch us wholly
 Out of self's hateful sight ;
And it keeps step whene'er we travel slowly
 And sleeps with us at night.

No grief's sharp knife, no pain's most cruel sawing,
 Self and the soul can sever ;
The surface, that in joy sometimes seems thawing,
 Soon freezes worse than ever.

Thus we are never men, self's wretched swathing
 Not letting virtue swell ;
Thus is our whole life numbed, forever bathing
 Within this frozen well.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching
 Over all time and space,
How have I run from thee, yet found thee reaching
 The goal in every race !

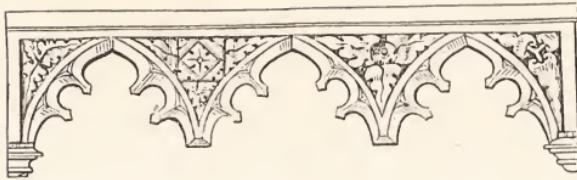
HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Inevitable self! vile imitation
 Of universal light,—
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation
 Of God's exclusive right!

The opiate balms of grace may haply still thee,
 Deep in my nature lying ;
For I may hardly hope, alas ! to kill thee,
 Save by the act of dying.

O Lord ! that I could waste my life for others
 With no ends of my own,
That I could pour myself into my brothers,
 And live for them alone !

Such was the life Thou livedst ; self abjuring,
 Thine own pains never easing,
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,
 A life without self-pleasing !



HARSH JUDGMENTS.



GOD ! whose thoughts are brightest light,
Whose love runs always clear,
To whose kind wisdom, sinning souls
Amidst their sins are dear !

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart
With charity like Thine,
Till self shall be the only spot
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls
Round whom Thine arms are drawn ;
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

I often see in my own thoughts,
When they lie nearest Thee,
That the worst men I ever knew
Were better men than me.

And of all truths no other truth
So true as this one seems ;
While others' faults that plainest were
Grow indistinct as dreams. /

All men look good except ourselves,
All but ourselves are great ;
The rays that make our sins so clear,
Their faults obliterate.

Things, that appeared undoubted sins,
Wear little crowns of light ;
Their dark, remaining darkness, still
Shames and outshines our bright. /

Time was, when I believed that wrong
In others to detect,
Was part of Genius, and a gift
To cherish, not reject.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Now, better taught by Thee, O Lord !
 This truth dawns on my mind,—
The best effect of heavenly light
 Is earth's false eyes to blind.

Thou art the Unapproached, whose height
 Enables Thee to stoop,
Whose Holiness bends undefiled
 To handle hearts that droop.

He, whom no praise can reach, is aye
 Men's least attempts approving ;
Whom justice makes all-merciful,
 Omniscience makes all-loving.

How Thou canst think so well of us,
 Yet be the God Thou art,
Is darkness to my intellect,
 But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul ;
 More grace, O Lord ! more grace !
More sweetness from Thy loving Heart !
 More sunshine from Thy face !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

When we ourselves least kindly are,
 We deem the world unkind ;
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,
 Only the poison find.

We paint from self the evil things
 We think that others are ;
While to the self-despising soul
 All things but self are fair.

Yes, they have caught the way of God,
 To whom self lies displayed
In such clear vision as to cast
 O'er others' faults a shade.

A bright horizon out at sea
 Obscures the distant ships ;
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful
 In charity's eclipse.

Love's changeful mood our neighbor's faults
 O'erwhelms with burning ray,
And in excess of splendor hides
 What is not burned away.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Again with truth like God's it shades
 Harsh things with untrue light,
Like moons that make a fairy-land
 Of fallow fields at night.

Then mercy, Lord ! more mercy still !
 Make me all light within,
Self-hating and compassionate,
 And blind to others' sin.

I need Thy mercy for my sin ;
 But more than this I need, —
Thy mercy's likeness in my soul
 For others' sins to bleed.

'Tis not enough to weep my sins ;
 'Tis but one step to Heaven :
When I am kind to others, then
 I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world
 Of golden ether bright,
A Heaven where other souls might float,
 Like all Thy worlds, in light !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

All bitterness is from ourselves,
All sweetness is from Thee ;
Sweet God ! for evermore, be Thou
Fountain and fire in me !





PERFECTION.

OH how the thought of God attracts
And draws the heart from earth,
And sickens it of passing shows
And dissipating mirth !

'Tis not enough to save our souls,
To shun the eternal fires ;
The thought of God will rouse the heart
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home ;
Though rough and strait the road,
Yet nothing less can satisfy
The love that longs for God.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Oh, utter but the name of God
Down in your heart of hearts,
And see how from the world at once
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,
Can win their way above ;
If mountains can be moved by faith,
Is there less power in Love ?

How little of that road, my soul !
How little hast thou gone !
Take heart, and let the thought of God
Allure thee further on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,
The Christian's daily task,—
Oh, these are graces far below
What longing love would ask !

Dole not thy duties out to God,
But let thy hand be free ;
Look long at Jesus ; His sweet blood,
How was it dealt to Thee ?

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;
It is not hard to love ;
If thou wert sick for want of God,
How swiftly wouldest thou move !

Be docile to thine unseen Guide,
Love Him as He loves thee ;
Time and obedience are enough,
And thou a saint shalt be.





DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER.

H, dearest Lord ! I cannot pray ;
My fancy is not free ;
Unmannerly distractions come,
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day
Glows bright on me at prayer,
And plans that ask no thought but then
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems
Of dreamy sight and sound,
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,
And makes a deluge round.
So

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Old voices murmur in my ear,
 New hopes start into life,
And past and future gayly blend
 In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits ;
 My changeful limbs conspire
With all these phantoms of the mind
 My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray ; yet, Lord ! Thou know'st
 The pain it is to me
To have my vainly struggling thoughts
 Thus torn away from Thee.

Sweet Jesus ! teach me how to prize
 These tedious hours when I,
Foolish and mute, before Thy face
 In helpless worship lie.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,
 Or selfish pastime sweet ;
It is the prostrate creature's place
 At his Creator's feet.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Had I kept stricter watch each hour
O'er tongue and eye and ear,
Had I but mortified all day
Each joy as it came near,

Had I, dear Lord ! no pleasure found
But in the thought of Thee,
Prayer would have come unsought, and been
A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord !
In weak, distracted prayer ;
A sinner out of heart with self
Most often finds Thee there.

For prayer that humbles, sets the soul
From all illusions free,
And teaches it how utterly,
Dear Lord ! it hangs on Thee !

The heart that on self-sacrifice
Is covetously bent,
Will bless Thy chastening hand, that makes
Its prayer its punishment.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

My Saviour ! why should I complain,
And why fear aught but sin?
Distractions are but outward things ;
Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface troubles come and go,
Like rufflings of the sea ;
The deeper depth is out of reach
To all, my God, but Thee.





DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

OH for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty !

Oh for the times when on my heart
Long prayer hath never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called !

Then, when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

What can have locked those fountains up?

Those visions what hath stayed?

What sudden act hath thus transformed

My sunshine into shade? —

This freezing heart, O Lord! this will,

Dry as the desert sand,

Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts

That come without command, —

A faith that seems not faith, a hope

That cares not for its aim,

A love that none the hotter grows

At Thy most blessed Name, —

The weariness of prayer, the mist

O'er conscience overspread,

The chill repugnance to frequent

The feast of Angels' bread, —

The torment of unsettled thoughts

That cannot fix on Thee,

And in the dread confessional,

Hard, cold fidelity : —

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

If this dear change be Thine, O Lord !
 If it be Thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
 The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been a sin of mine,
 Then show that sin to me,
Not to get back my sweetness lost,
 But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord ! I dread ;
 To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
 And yet to know it not.

For when the tide of graces set
 So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord ! how faithlessly
 I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
 A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
 In self-complacent bliss.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I may learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more.

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord ! all day,
Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord ! for hire,
Hire which Thy beauty showed,
Can I not serve Thee now for naught
And only as my God?

Thrice blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dear supremacy !



LOW SPIRITS.



EVER, and fret, and aimless stir,
And disappointed strife,
All chafing unsuccessful things,
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,
And sameness doubles cares,
While one unbroken chain of work
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke ;
The streets resound with noise ;
And the soul sinks to see its peers
Chasing their joyless joys.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Voices are round me ; smiles are near ;
Kind welcomes to be had ;
And yet my spirit is alone,
Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain
Be quit of my long part ;
The burden of unquiet life
Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work
As thou hast done before ;
Wake up, and tears will wake with thee,
And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,
Without or praise or prayer,
Gives light to know, and life to do,
And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh, there is music in that thought
Unto a heart unstrung,
Like sweet bells at the evening time
Most musically rung.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

'Tis not His justice or His power,
 Beauty or blest abode,
But the mere unexpanded thought
 Of the Eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,
 Nor even that He is ;
Words fail it, but it is a thought
 Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought ! lie closer to my heart
 That I may feel thee near,
As one who for his weapon feels
 In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st
 When sadness makes us lowly,
As though thou wert the echo sweet
 Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord ! for this kind check
 To spirits over free,
And for all things that make me feel
 More helpless need of Thee.



TRUE LOVE.



HINK well how Jesus trusts Himself
Unto our childish love,
As though by His free ways with us
Our earnestness to prove.

God gives Himself as Mary's babe
To sinners' trembling arms,
And veils His everlasting light
In childhood's feeble charms. /

His sacred name a common word
On earth He loves to hear ;
There is no majesty in Him
Which Love may not come near.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

His priests, they bear Him in their hands,
Helpless as babes can be ;
His love seems very foolishness
For its simplicity.

The light of love is round His feet,
His paths are never dim ;
And He comes nigh to us, when we
Dare not come nigh to Him.

Let us be simple with Him then,
Not backward, stiff, or cold,
As though our Bethlehem could be
What Sina was of old.

His love of us may teach us how
To love Him in return ;
Love cannot help but grow more free
The more its transports burn.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,
The words constrained and cold,—
These are the homage, poor at best,
Of those outside the fold.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

They know not how our God can play
The Babe's, the Brother's, part ;
They dream not of the ways He has
Of getting at the heart.

Most winningly He lowers Himself,
Yet they dare not come near ;
They cannot know in their blind place
The love that casts out fear.

In lowest depths of littleness
God sinks to gain our love ;
They put away the sign in fear,
And our free ways reprove.

Would that they knew what Jesus was,
And what untold abyss
Lies in love's simple forwardness
Of more than earthly bliss !

Would that they knew what faith could work,
What sacraments can do ;
What simple love is like, on fire
In hearts absolved and true !

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

They cannot tell how Jesus oft
His secret thirst will slake
On those strange freedoms childlike hearts
Are taught by God to take.

Poor souls ! they know not how to love ;
They feel not Jesus near ;
And they who know not how to love
Still less know how to fear.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word
They have not faith to face ;
And how shall they who have not faith
Attain love's better grace ?

The awe that lies too deep for words,
Too deep for solemn looks, —
It finds no way into the face,
No written vent in books.

They would not speak in measured tones,
If love had in them wrought
Until their spirits had been hushed
In reverential thought.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

They would have smiled in harmless ways
To ease their fevered heart,
And learned with other simple souls
To play love's crafty part.

They would have run away from God
For their own vileness' sake,
And feared lest some interior light
From tell-tale eyes should break.

They know not how the outward smile
The inward awe can prove ;
They fathom not the creature's fear
Of uncreated love.

The majesty of God ne'er broke
On them like fire at night,
Flooding their stricken souls, while they
Lay trembling in the light.

They love not : for they have not kissed
The Saviour's outer hem !
They fear not : for the living God
Is yet unknown to them.



DESIRE OF GOD.

OH for freedom, for freedom in worshipping
God,
For the mountain-top feeling of generous
souls,
For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep and
broad,
Where grace not in rills, but in cataracts, rolls !

Most good is the brisk, wholesome service of fear,
And the calm, wise obedience of conscience is sweet ;
And good are all worships, all loyalties dear,
All promptitudes fitting, all services meet.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

But none honors God like the thirst of desire,
Nor possesses the heart so completely with Him ;
For it burns the world out with the swift ease of fire,
And fills life with good works till it runs o'er the
brim.

Then pray for desire, for love's wistfullest yearning,
For the beautiful pining of holy desire ;
Yes, pray for a soul that is ceaselessly burning
With the soft fragrant flames of this thrice happy
fire.

For the heart only dwells, truly dwells, with its
treasure,
And the languor of love captive hearts can unfetter ;
And they who love God cannot love Him by meas-
ure,
For their love is but hunger to love Him still better.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills ;
Many thousands through it the dark pathway have
trod ;
The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

'Tis a fire that will burn what thou canst not pass over ;
'Tis a lightning that breaks away all bars to love ;
'Tis a sunbeam the secrets of God to discover ;
'Tis the wing David prayed for, the wing of the Dove.

I have seen living men, and their good angels know
How they failed and fell short through the want of desire ;
Souls once almost saints have descended so low
'Twill be much if their wings bear them over the fire.

I have seen dying men not so grand in their dying
As our love would have wished,—and through lack of desire ;
Oh that we may die languishing, burning, and sighing ;
For God's last grace and best is, to die all on fire.

Then wish more for God, burn more with desire,
Covet more the dear sight of His marvellous face ;

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Pray louder, pray long, for the sweet gift of fire
To come down on thy heart with its whirlwinds of
grace.

Yes, pine for thy God, fainting soul ! ever pine ;
Oh, languish 'mid all that life gives thee of mirth ;
Famished, thirsty, and restless,— let such life be
thine,—
For what sight is to heaven, desire is to earth.

God loves to be longed for, He loves to be sought,
For He sought us Himself with such longing and
love ;
He died for desire of us, marvellous thought !
And He yearns for us now to be with Him above.





THE GIFTS OF GOD.

MY soul ! what hast thou done for God ?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;
Sum up what thou hast done for God ,
And then what God hath done for thee .

He made thee when He might have made
A soul that would have loved Him more ;
He rescued thee from nothingness ,
And set thee on life's happy shore .

He placed an angel at thy side ,
And strewed joys round thee on thy way ;
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim ,
And life , free life , before thee lay .

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Had God in heaven no work to do,
But miracles of love for thee?
No world to rule, no joy in Self,
And in His own infinity? —

So must it seem to our blind eyes ;
He gave His love no sabbath rest,
Still plotting happiness for men,
And new designs to make them blest.

From out His glorious bosom came
His only, His eternal Son ;
He freed the race of Satan's slaves,
And with His blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against His love ;
New love the vile rebellion met,
As though God only looked at sin
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For His Eternal Spirit came
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,
And with the sevenfold gifts of love
To crown His own elected ones.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Men spurned His grace ; their lips blasphemed
The Love who made Himself their slave ;
They grieved that blessed Comforter,
And turned against Him what He gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,
The moon still beautiful by night ;
The world goes round, and joy with it,
And life, free life, is men's delight.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,
No hand put forth His anger tells ;
But He, the Omnipotent and dread,
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come ; and maddened sin
The world's Creator crucified ;
The Spirit comes and stays while men
His presence doubt, His gifts deride.

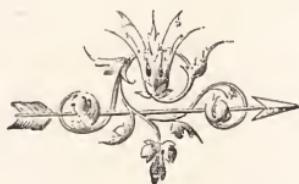
And now the Father keeps Himself
In patient and forbearing love,
To be His creature's heritage
In that undying life above.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Oh wonderful, oh passing thought!—
The love that God hath had for thee,
Spending on thee no less a sum
Than the undivided Trinity!

Father and Son and Holy Ghost
Exhausted for a thing like this,—
The world's whole government disposed
For one ungrateful creature's bliss!

What hast thou done for God, my soul?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,
Cry for His mercy upon thee.





THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

OH it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take His part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart !

He hides Himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God ;
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost ;
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need Him most.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good, good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease ;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the sacraments, the Faith,
Their up-hill journey take,
Lose here what there they gain, and, if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks ;
And we lose courage then ;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah ! God is other than we think ;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's height, and reached
Only by childlike love.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

The look, the fashion, of God's ways
Love's lifelong study are ;
She can be bold, and guess, and act
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own ;
Her step is firm and free ;
Yet there is cautious science too
In her simplicity.

Workman of God ! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,
And learn to lose with God ;
For Jesus won the world through shame
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways,
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave
From what men reckon shame,
In His own world He is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul ;
Muse, and take better heart ;
Back with thine angel to the field,
And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay,
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

HYMNS FOR THE CLOSET.

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

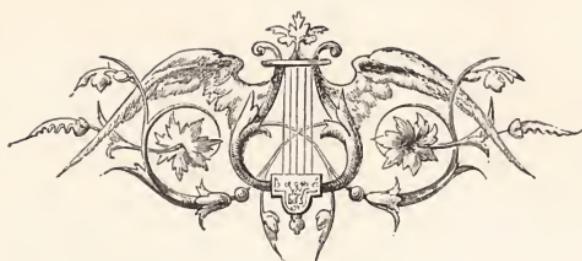




II.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.





A CHILD'S DEATH.

HOU touchest us lightly, O God ! in our
grief ;
But how rough is Thy touch in our pros-
perous hours !

All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful and
brief,
Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of flowers.

My children ! my children ! they clustered all round
me,
Like a rampart which sorrow could never break
through ;
Each change in their beautiful lives only bound me
In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

But the eldest ! O Father ! how glorious he was,
With the soul looking out through his fountain-like
eyes !

Thou lovest Thy Sole-born ! and had I not cause
The treasure Thou gavest me, Father ! to prize ? —

But the Lily-bed lies beaten down by the rain,
And the tallest is gone from the place where he
grew ;

My tallest ! my fairest ! Oh, let me complain ;
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat
through .

I murmur not, Father ! my will is with Thee ;
I knew at the first that my darling was Thine :
Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O Father ! — but see !
Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he was
mine.

Thou hast taken the fairest : he was fairest to me ;
Thou hast taken the fairest : 'tis always Thy way ;
Thou hast taken the dearest : was he dearest to
Thee ?

Thou art welcome, thrice welcome : — yet woe is the
day !

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Thou hast honored my child by the speed of Thy choice,

Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'erwhelmed him with mirth;

He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sounding voice,

While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on earth.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling through heaven,

One moment my ears with its music to slake !

Oh no ! not for worlds would I have him re-given,
Yet I long to have back what I would not re-take.

I grudge him, and grudge him not ! Father ! Thou knowest

The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow ;

It is thus in Thy husbandry, Saviour ! Thou sowest

The grief of to-day, for the grace of to-morrow.

Thou art blooming in heaven, my blossom, my Pride !

And thy beauty makes Jesus and Mary more glad ;

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest-born
died;

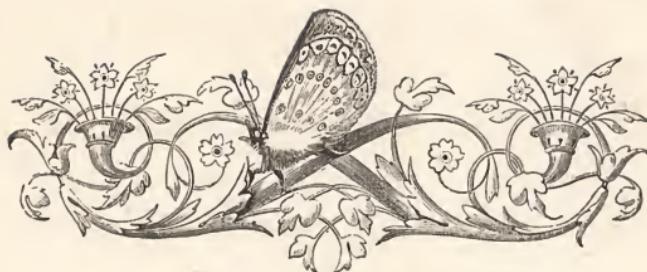
Oh, why, my own saint ! is thy mother so sad?—

Go, go with thy God, with thy Saviour, my child !
Thou art His ; I am His ; and thy sisters are His ;
But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is wild,—
To think that her son is an angel in bliss !

Oh forgive me, dear Saviour ! on heaven's bright
shore

Should I still in my child find a separate joy :
While I lie in the light of Thy face evermore,
May I think heaven brighter because of my boy ?—





AFTER A DEATH.

THE grief that was delayed so long,
O Lord ! hath come at last ;
Blest be Thy name for present pain,
And for the weary past !

Yet, Father ! I have looked so long
Upon the coming grief,
That what should grieve my heart the most
Seems almost like relief.

Alas ! then, did I love the dead
As well as he loved me ?
Or have I sought myself alone
Rather than him or Thee ? —

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

To fear is harder than to weep ;
To watch, than to endure ;
The hardest of all griefs to bear
Is a grief that is not sure.

As on a watch-tower did I stand,
Like one that looks in fear,
And sees an overwhelming host
O'er hill and dale draw near.

The bitterness each day brought forth
Was more than I could bear,
And hope's uncertainty was worse
Than positive despair.

I grew more unprepared for grief
Which had so long been stayed ;
The blow seemed more impossible,
The more it was delayed.

Yes ! the most sudden of our griefs
Are those which travel slow ;
The longer warning that it gives,
The deeper is our woe.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

To look a sorrow in the face
False magnitude imparts ;
All sorrows look immensely large
Unto our little hearts.

But to look long upon a grief
Which is so long in sight
Unmans the heart more terribly
Than a sudden death at night.

A swift and unexpected blow,
If hard to bear, is brief ;
But oh ! it is less sudden far
Than a quiet creeping grief.

Least griefs are more than we can bear,
Each worse than those before ;
Our own griefs always greater griefs
Than those our fathers bore.

The griefs we have to bear alone,
The griefs that we can share.
Our single griefs, our crowded griefs,
Which are the worst to bear?—

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Yet all are less than our deserts ;
Within our grace they lie ;
The sorrows we exaggerate
We cannot sanctify.

Dear Lord ! in all our loneliest pains
Thou hast the largest share ;
And that which is unbearable,
'Tis Thine, not ours, to bear.

How merciful Thine anger is,
How tender it can be,
How wonderful all sorrows are
Which come direct from Thee !

Years fly, O Lord ! and every year
More desolate I grow ;
My world of friends thins round me fast,
Love after love lies low.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,
Old places left unfilled,
And young lives quenched before the old,
And the love of old hearts chilled.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Dear voices and dear faces missed,
Sweet households overthrown ;
And what is left, more sad to see
Than the sight of what has gone.

All this is to be sanctified,
This rupture with the past ;
For thus we die before our deaths,
And so die well at last.





THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

CLOOM gathered round us every hour
In that house of awful sorrow ;
Each day lay darker and more dark
In the shadow of its morrow.

And yet no cloud that came passed on ;
No yesterdays went by ;
'Twas a storm that gathers without wind,
Until it chokes the sky.

Time hungered for some dreadful change,
And yet grew sick with fear,
Impatient at the slow approach
Of that which was too near.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

But we never named what most we feared ;
It was only understood ;
And we lived on an unspoken faith
That somehow God was good.

Yes ! God was good ; on that one thought
The whole day we were leaning ;
Yet we dared not put it into words,
Lest it should lose its meaning.

Of many things, of many wants,
We had to be reminded ;
We felt our way about the house
Like men that had been blinded.

We scarce breathed any thing but grief ;
We almost held our breath ;
We were inwardly unmanned and numbed
With the looking out for death.

Each told to each what each well knew,
Each told it o'er and o'er ;
Questions we asked which we ourselves
Had answered just before.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

From its intensity of aim,
Our whole life aimless seemed ;
The very stern reality
Made us almost think we dreamed.

The days could somehow drag themselves
Like wounded worms along ;
But I know not how we lived those nights,
Save that God made us strong.

And somehow all things turned to fears ;
And foolish things became
Fountains of unrefreshing tears ,
Which burned the eyes like flame.

Oh what a life it was, a life—
Of such entangled woe,
Like the panic of a shipwrecked crew,—
Only this was so slow :—

Entangled with minute details,
Needful, but out of season,
Yet a woe of such simplicity
As almost troubled reason.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

God shut us up there seven long weeks
As in some unworldly ark,
And we learned what He had meant us learn,
To live, and to see in the dark.

Darkness is easier far to bear
Than that unrestful gloom,
Where the light snows in, and vaguely haunts
The shapes and the things in the room.

One of those darknesses was this,
In which God loves to dwell,
One of those restful silences
In which He is audible.

Slowly light came, the thinnest dawn
Not sunshine, to our night,
A new, more spiritual thing,
An advent of pure light.

Perhaps not light; rather the soul
Which just then came to see,
And saw through its world-darkened life,
And saw Eternity.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

O God ! it was a time divine,
Rich epoch of calm grace,
A pressing of our hearts to Thine
In mystical embrace.

The work of years was done in days,
Fights won, and trophies given ;
For sorrow is the atmosphere
Which ripens hearts for heaven.

I saw dear souls with seemliest haste
Array themselves in light,
And weave themselves angelic robes
Out of the utter night.

Eternal thoughts in simplest words
Fell meekly from their tongue,
While the fragrance of eternity
To their silent presence clung.

For month-like days, for year-like nights,
I saw all this about me :
It should have been my work, but God
Had to do the work without me.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

I only saw how I had missed
A thousand things from blindness,
How all that I had done appeared
Scarce better than unkindness,

How that to comfort those that mourn
Is a thing for saints to try ;
Yet haply God might have done less,
Had a saint been there, not I.

Alas ! we have so little grace,
With love so little burn,
That the hardest of our works for God
Is to comfort those who mourn.





DEEP GRIEF.

DAYS, weeks, and months have gone, O
Lord !

They seemed both long and brief;
Yet darker still the darkness grows,
And deeper lies the grief.

They spoke of sorrow's laws and ways,
They said what time would do ;
Wise-sounding words ! yet have they been
Most bitterly untrue.

O sorrow ! 'tis thy law to feed
On what should be relief ;
O time ! of all things surely thou
Art cruellest to grief.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

They tell me I am better now,
That tears have passed away :
Alas ! those earlier days of tears
Were sunshine to to-day.

The mind was less afraid of self,
When sorrow's thoughts grew rank ;
The sights and sounds of recent grief
Were better than this blank.

Old grief is worse than new : its pain
Is deeper in the heart ;
The dull blind ache is worse to bear
Than blow, or wound, or smart.

Deeper and deeper in my soul
The weight of grief is stealing,
And, strange to say, I feel it more
When it has sunk past feeling.

O grief ! when thou wert fresh and sharp,
Part of life felt thy blow ;
But, grown the habit of my heart,
Thou art my whole life now.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Most sovereign when least sensible,
Most seen when out of sight,
Thou art the custom of the day,
And the haunting of the night.

Oh that they would not comfort me !
Deep grief cannot be reached ;
Wisdom, to cure a broken heart,
Must not be wisdom preached.

Deep grief is better let alone ;
Voices to it are swords ;
A silent look will soothe it more
Than the tenderness of words.

Oh, speak not ! I will do my work,
Nay, more work than my share ;
For to feel that it is idle grief
Is what deep grief cannot bear.

Deep grief is not a past event :
It is a life, a state,
Which habit makes more terrible,
And age more desolate.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

But am I comfortless? Oh, no!
Jesus this pathway trod;
And deeper in my soul than grief
Art Thou! my dearest God!

Good is that darkening of our lives,
Which only God can brighten;
But better still that hopeless load,
Which none but God can lighten.





THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

H it is sweet to think
Of those that are departed,
While murmured Aves sink
To silence tender-hearted,
While tears that have no pain
Are tranquilly distilling,
And the dead live again
In hearts that love is filling.

Yet not as in the days
Of earthly ties we love them ;
For they are touched with rays
From light that is above them ;

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

Another sweetness shines
Around their well-known features ;
God with His glory signs
His dearly ransomed creatures.

Yes, they are more our own
Since now they are God's only ;
And each one that has gone
Has left our heart less lonely.
He mourns not seasons fled,
Who now in Him possesses
Treasures of many dead,
In their dear Lord's caresses.

Dear dead ! they have become
Like guardian angels to us ;
And distant heaven, like home,
Through them begins to woo us ;
Love that was earthly wings
Its flight to holier places ; .
The dead are sacred things,
That multiply our graces.

HYMNS FOR THE BEREAVED.

They whom we loved on earth
Attract us now to heaven ;
Who shared our grief and mirth
Back to us now are given.
They move with noiseless foot
Gravely and sweetly round us,
And their soft touch hath cut
Full many a chain that bound us.

O dearest dead ! to Heaven
With grudging sighs we gave you,
To Him ! be doubts forgiven !
Who took you there to save you ! —
Now get us grace to love
Your memories yet more kindly,
Pine for our homes above,
And trust to God more blindly.



III.

THE LAST THINGS.





THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK ! hark ! my soul ! angelic songs are
swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's
wave-beat shore ;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark ;
God hides Himself, and grace hath scarcely found us,
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls ! for Jesus bids you come !
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.

THE LAST THINGS.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.



“HOW GENTLY FLOW THE SILENT
YEARS!”



HOW gently flow the silent years,
The seasons one by one !
How sweet to feel, each month that goes,
That life must soon be done !

O weary ways of earth and men !
O self more weary still !
How vainly do you vex the heart
That none but God can fill !

It is not weariness of life
That makes us wish to die ;
But we are drawn by cords which come
From out eternity.

THE LAST THINGS.

Eye has not seen, ear has not heard,
 No heart of man can tell,
The store of joys God has prepared
 For those who love Him well.

Oh, may those joys one day be ours
 Upon that happy shore !
And yet those joys are not enough :
 We crave for something more.

The world's unkindness grows with life,
 And troubles never cease ;
'Twere lawful then to wish to die,
 Simply to be at peace.

Yes ! peace is something more than joy,
 Even the joys above ;
For peace, of all created things,
 Is likest Him we love.

But not for joy, nor yet for peace,
 Dare we desire to die :
God's will on earth is always joy,
 Always tranquillity.

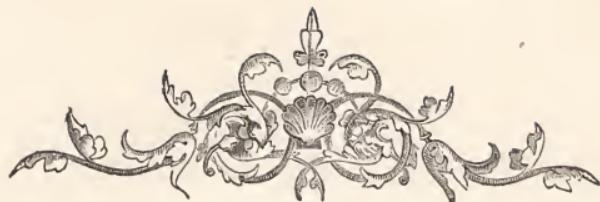
THE LAST THINGS.

To die, that we might sin no more,
Were scarce a hero's prayer ;
And glory grows as grace matures,
And patience loves to bear.

And yet we long and long to die,
We covet to be free ;
Not for Thy great rewards, O God !
Not for Thy peace — but Thee !

Ah leave us, then, at peace, to greet
Each waxing, waning moon,
Whose silver light seems aye to say —
Soon, exile spirit ! soon !





WISHES ABOUT DEATH.



WISH to have no wishes left,
But to leave all to Thee ;
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will
Things that I wish should be.

And these two wills I feel within,
When on my death I muse ;
But, Lord ! I have a death to die,
And not a death to choose.

Why should I choose ? for in Thy love
Most surely I descry
A gentler death than I myself
Should dare to ask to die.

THE LAST THINGS.

But Thou wilt' not disdain to hear
What those few wishes are,
Which I abandon to Thy love,
And to Thy wiser care.

Triumphant death I would not ask,
Rather would deprecate ;
For dying souls deceive themselves
Soonest when most elate.

All graces I would crave to have
Calmly absorbed in one,—
A perfect sorrow for my sins,
And duties left undone.

I would the light of reason, Lord !
Up to the last might shine,
That my own hands might hold my soul
Until it passed to Thine.

And I would pass in silence, Lord !
No brave words on my lips,
Lest pride should cloud my soul, and I
Should die in the eclipse.

THE LAST THINGS.

But when, and where, and by what pain—
All this is one to me ;
I only long for such a death
As most shall honor Thee.

Long life dismays me, by the sense
Of my own weakness scared ;
And by Thy grace a sudden death
Need not be unprepared.

One wish is hard to be unwished,—
That I at last might die
Of grief for having wronged with sin
Thy spotless Majesty.





THE PATHS OF DEATH.



HOW pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
 Like the bright slanting west,
Thou leadest down into the glow
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,
 Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
 Back to our own dear dead
Into that land which hides in tombs
The better part of our old homes ;
 'Tis there thou mak'st our bed.

THE LAST THINGS.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Thither where sorrows cease,
To a new life, to an old past,
Softly and silently we haste,
Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Thy new restores our lost ;
There are voices of the new times
With the ringing of the old chimes
Blent sweetly on thy coast.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
One faint for want of breath,—
And above thy promise thou hast given ;
All, we find more than all in heaven,
O thou truth-speaking Death !

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
Their little life away.

THE LAST THINGS.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
E'en grown-up men secure
Better manhood, by a brave leap
Through the chill mist of thy thin sleep,
Manhood that will endure.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
The old, the very old,
Smile when their slumberous eye grows dim,
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb ;
Their age was not less cold.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Ever from pain to ease ;
Patience that hath held on for years,
Never unlearns her humble fears
Of terrible disease.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
From sin to pleasing God ;
For the pardoned in thy land are bright
As innocence in robe of white,
And walk on the same road.

THE LAST THINGS.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Straight to our Father's Home ;
All loss were gain that gained us this,
The sight of God, that single bliss
Of the grand world to come.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !
Ever from toil to rest,—
Where a rim of sea-like splendor runs,
Where the days bury their golden suns,
In the dear hopeful west !





THE LENGTH OF DEATH.

SWEET Saviour ! take me by the hand,
And lead me through the gloom ;
Oh it seems far to the other land,
And dark in the silent tomb !

I thought it was less hard to die,
A straighter road to Thee,
With at least a twilight in the sky,
And one narrow arm of sea.

Saviour ! what means this breadth of death,
This space before me lying,
These deeps where life so lingereth,
This difficulty of dying ? —

THE LAST THINGS.

So many turns, abrupt and rude,
Such ever-shifting grounds,
Such a strangely peopled solitude,
Such strangely silent sounds?

Another hour! what change of pain
In this last act doth lie!
Surely to live life o'er again
Were less prolix than to die.

How carefully Thou walkest, Lord!
Canst Thou have cause to fear?
Who is that spirit with the sword?
Art Thou not master here?—

Whom are we trying to avoid?
From whom, Lord! must we hide?
Oh, can the dying be decoyed,
With his Saviour by his side?—

Deeper!—dark! dark! but yet I follow;
Tighten, dear Lord! Thy clasp!
How suddenly earth seems to hollow!
There is nothing left to grasp!

THE LAST THINGS.

I cannot feel Thee ; art Thou near ?

It is all too dark to see ;

But let me feel Thee, Saviour dear !

I can go on with Thee.

What speed ! how icy-smooth these stones !

Oh, might we make less haste ?

How the caves echo back my moans

From some invisible waste !

May we not rest, dear Help ? oh, no,

Not on a road so steep !

Sweet Saviour ! have we far to go ?

Ah, how I long for sleep !

Loose sand — and all things sinking ! Hark,

The murmur of a sea !

Saviour ! it is intensely dark ;

Is it near Eternity ?

Can I fall from Thee, even now ?

Both hands, dear Lord ! both hands !

Why dost thou lie so deep, so low,

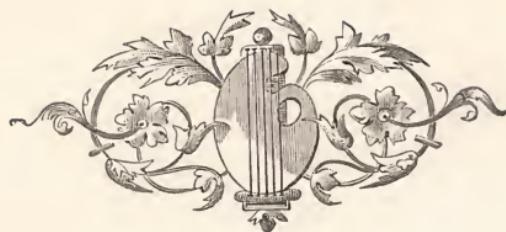
Thou shore of the Happy Lands ?

THE LAST THINGS.

Ah ! death is very, very wide,
A land terrible and dry :
If Thou, sweet Saviour ! hadst not died,
Who would have dared to die ?

Another fall ! surely we steal
On towards eternity !—
Lord ! is this death ? — I only feel
Down in some sea with Thee.





THE ETERNAL YEARS.



OW shalt thou bear the Cross that now
So dread a weight appears?
Keep quietly to God, and think
Upon the Eternal years.

Austerity is little help,
Although it somewhat cheers ;
Thine oil of gladness is the thought
Of the Eternal years.

Set hours and written rules are good,
Long prayer can lay our fears ;
But it is better calm for thee
To count the Eternal years.

THE LAST THINGS.

Rites are as balm unto the eyes,
God's word unto the ears ;
But He will have thee rather brood
Upon the Eternal years.

Full many things are good for souls
In proper times and spheres ;
Thy present good is in the thought
Of the Eternal years.

Thy self-upbraiding is a snare,
Though meekness it appears ;
More humbling is it far for thee
To face the Eternal years.

Brave quiet is the thing for thee,
Chiding thy scrupulous fears ;
Learn to be real, from the thought
Of the Eternal years.

Bear gently, suffer like a child,
Nor be ashamed of tears ;
Kiss the sweet cross, and in thy heart
Sing of the Eternal years.

THE LAST THINGS.

Thy Cross is quite enough for thee,
Though little it appears ;
For there is hid in it the weight
Of the Eternal years.

And knowest thou not how bitterness
An ailing spirit cheers ?
Thy medicine is the strengthening thought
Of the Eternal years.

One cross can sanctify a soul ;
Late saints and ancient seers
Were what they were, because they mused
Upon the Eternal years.

Pass not from flower to pretty flower ;
Time flies, and judgment nears ;
Go ! make thy honey from the thought
Of the Eternal years.

Death will have rainbows round it seen
Through calm contritions' tears,
If tranquil hope but trims her lamp
At the Eternal years.

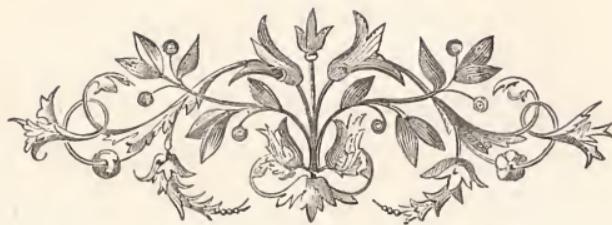
THE LAST THINGS.

Keep unconstrain'dly in this thought
Thy loves, hopes, smiles, and tears ;
Such prison-house thine heart will make
Free of the Eternal years.

A single practice, long sustained,
A soul to God endears ;
This must be thine, to weigh the thought
Of the Eternal years.

He practises all virtue well
Who his own cross reveres,
And lives in the familiar thought
Of the Eternal years.





FROM "THE SHORE OF ETERNITY."



ALONE ! to land alone upon that shore !
With no one sight that we have seen before, —
 Things of a different hue,
 And the sounds all new,
And fragrances so sweet the soul may faint.
Alone ! Oh, that first hour of being a saint !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !
On which no wavelets lisp, no billows roar,
 Perhaps no shape of ground,
 Perhaps no sight or sound,
No forms of earth our fancies to arrange, —
But to begin alone that mighty change !

THE LAST THINGS.

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !
Knowing so well we can return no more ;
 No voice or face of friend,
 None with us to attend
Our disembarking on that awful strand,
But to arrive alone in such a land !

Alone ! to land alone upon that shore !
To begin alone to live forevermore,
 To have no one to teach
 The manners or the speech
Of that new life, or put us at our ease ;—
Oh that we might die in pairs or companies !

Alone ? the God we know is on that shore,
The God of whose attractions we know more
 Than of those who may appear
 Nearest and dearest here ;
Oh, is He not the life-long Friend we know
More privately than any friend below ?—

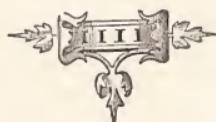
Alone ? the God we trust is on that shore,
The Faithful One whom we have trusted more

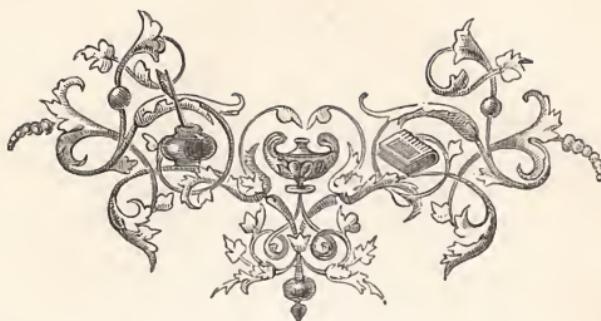
THE LAST THINGS.

In trials and in woes
Than we have trusted those
On whom we leaned most in our earthly strife —
Oh, we shall trust Him more in that new life !

Alone? the God we love is on that shore,
Love not enough, yet whom we love far more,
And whom we loved all through
And with a love more true
Than other loves — yet now shall love Him more : —
True love of, Him begins upon that shore !

So not alone we land upon that shore ;
Twill be as though we had been there before ;
We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal love !





THE LAND BEYOND THE SEA.

HE land beyond the Sea !
When will life's task be o'er ?
When shall we reach that soft blue shore,
O'er the dark strait whose billows foam and roar ?
When shall we come to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea ?

The land beyond the Sea !
How close it often seems,
When flushed with evening's peaceful gleams ;
And the wistful heart looks o'er the strait and dreams !
It longs to fly to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

THE LAST THINGS.

The land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes distinct and near
It grows upon the eye and ear,
And the gulf narrows to a threadlike mere ;
We seem half way to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
Sometimes across the strait,
Like a drawbridge to a castle-gate,
The slanting sunbeams lie, and seem to wait
For us to pass to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
Oh, how the lapsing years,
'Mid our not unsubmitting tears,
Have borne, now singly, now in fleets, the biers
Of those we love, to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
How dark our present home !
By the dull beach and sullen foam
How wearily, how drearily, we roam,

THE LAST THINGS.

With arms outstretched to thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
When will our toil be done ?
Slow-footed years ! more swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun !
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
Why fadest thou in light ?
Why art thou better seen towards night ?
Dear land ! look always plain, look always bright,
That we may gaze on thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !

The land beyond the Sea !
Sweet is thine endless rest,
But sweeter far that Father's breast
Upon thy shores eternally possest ;
For Jesus reigns o'er thee,
Calm land beyond the Sea !



IV.

MISCELLANEOUS.





THE STARRY SKIES.



THE starry skies, they rest my soul,
 Its chains of care unbind,
And with the dew of cooling thoughts
 Refresh my sultry mind. /

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,
 I rest, and sing, and rest,
Among those bright dissevered worlds,
 As safe as in a nest.

And oft I think the starry sprays
 Swing with me where I light,
While brighter branches lure me o'er
 New gulfs of purple night.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yes, something draws me upward there,
As morning draws the lark ;
Only my spell, whate'er it is,
Works better in the dark.

It is as if a home was there, —
To which my soul was turning,
A home not seen, but nightly proved
By a mysterious yearning.

It seems as if no actual space
Could hold it in its bond ;
Thought climbs its highest, still it is
Always beyond, beyond.

Earth never seems like home, though fresh
And full its tide of mirth ;
No glorious change we can conceive
Would make a home of earth.

But God alone can be a home ;
And His sweet Vision lies
Somewhere in that soft gloom concealed,
Beyond the starry skies.

MISCELLANEOUS.

So, as if waiting for a voice,
Nightly I gaze and sigh,
While the stars look at me silently
Out of their silent sky.

How have I erred ! God is my home,
And God Himself is here ;
Why have I looked so far for Him
Who is nowhere but near ?

Oh, not in distant starry skies,
In vastness not abroad,
But everywhere in His whole self
Abides the whole of God.

In golden presence not diffused,
Not in vague fields of bliss,
But whole in every present point
The Godhead simply is.

Down in earth's duskies vales where'er
My pilgrimage may be,
Thou, Lord ! wilt be a ready home,
Always at hand for me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

I spake ; but God was nowhere seen ;
Was His love too tired to wait ?
Ah, no ! my own unsimple love
Hath often made me late.

How often things already won
It urges me to win,
How often makes me look outside
For that which is within !

Our souls go too much out of self
Into ways dark and dim :
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,
Than we who seek for Him.

Yet surely through my tears I saw
God softly drawing near ;
How came He, without sight or sound,
So soon to disappear ?

God was not gone : but He so longed
His sweetness to impart,
He too was seeking for a home,
And found it in my heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Twice had I erred : a distant God
Was what I could not bear ;
Sorrows and cares were at my side ;
I longed to have Him there.

But God is never so far off
As even to be near ;
He is within ; our spirit is
The home He holds most dear.

To think of Him as by our side
Is almost as untrue,
As to remove His throne beyond
Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself
Homeless, forlorn, and weary ;
Missing my joy, I walked the earth,
Myself God's sanctuary.



THE CREATION OF THE ANGELS.



N pulses deep of threefold love,
 Self hushed, and self possessed,
The mighty, unbeginning God
 Had lived in silent rest.

With His own greatness all alone,
 The sight of self had been
Beauty of beauties, joy of joys,
 Before His eye serene.

He lay before Himself and gazed,
 As ravished with the sight,
Brooding on His own attributes
 With dread, untold delight.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No ties were on His bliss, for He
Had neither end nor cause ;
For His own glory 'twas enough
That He was what He was.

His glory was full grown ; His light
Had owned no dawning dim ;
His love did not outgrow Himself,
For nought could grow in Him.

He stirred — and yet we know not how
Nor wherefore He should move ;
In our poor human words, it was
An overflow of love.

It was the first outspoken word
That broke that peace sublime,
An outflow of eternal love
Into the lap of time.

He stirred ; and beauty all at once
Forth from His being broke ;
Spirit and strength, and living life,
Created things, awoke.

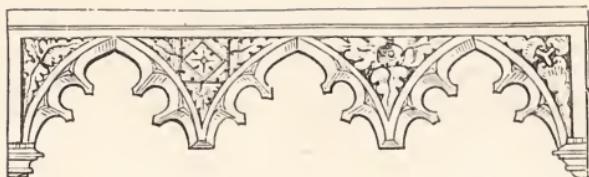
MISCELLANEOUS.

Order and multitude and light
In beauteous showers outstreamed ;
And realms of newly fashioned space
With radiant angels beamed.

How wonderful is life in heaven
Amid the angelic choirs,
Where uncreated love has crowned
His first created fires !

But see ! new marvels gather there :
The wisdom of the Son
With heaven's completest wonder ends
The work so well begun.





THE SORROWFUL WORLD.



HEARD the wild beasts in the woods
complain ;
Some slept, while others wakened to
sustain
Through night and day the sad, monotonous round,
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,
As, when the clash of battle dies away,
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can bear,
As if his tainted blood defiled the air ;
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,
Like slaves who will not speak when they obey ;
Their faces, when they look to us, they raise,
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove ;
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love ;
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night to moan,
Shunning our confidence, as if we were
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing, but they must wail ;
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale ;
One mountain hollow to another calls
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,
As if the earth were fainting in distress,
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears,
And naught but his own beating pulses hears.

Inanimate things can rise into despair ;
And when the thunder bellows in the air,
Amid the mountains, earth sends forth a cry,
Like dying monsters in their agony.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan :
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

O'er the white waste cold grimly overawes
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws ;
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,
And o'er the land like an oppression lies.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions borrow
From the funereal tread of men in sorrow ;
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care ;
The very babes that in their cradles lie,
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

Labor itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong ;
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,
And from dark mines, the same sad sound it yields.

O God ! the fountain of perennial gladness !
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness ;
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and alarm ;
Even sweet scents have but a pensive charm.

Doth earth send nothing up to Thee but moans ?
Father ! canst Thou find melody in groans ?
Oh, can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this ?

Ah me ! that sin should have such chemic power
To turn to dross the gold of nature's dower,
And straightway, of its single self, unbind
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant Mind.

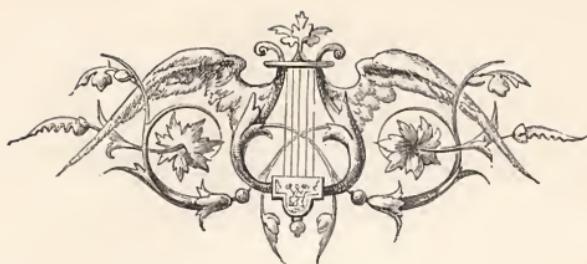
MISCELLANEOUS.

Alas ! of all this sorrow there is need :
For us Earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed ;
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

Yes ! it is well for us ; from these alarms,
Like children scared, we fly into Thine arms ;
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts rude ;
We dare not live in nature's solitude ;
In how few eyes of men can we behold
Enough of love to make us calm and bold ?

Oh it is well for us : with angry glance
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance :
Seek where we will,—Father ! we see it now,—
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou !



MUSIC.

THAT music breathes all through my spirit,
As the breezes blow through a tree ;
And my soul gives light as it quivers,
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New passions are wakened within me,
New passions that have not a name ;
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms
Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings
Which make my life broaden and swell ;
And I hear strange things that are soundless,
And I see the invisible.

MISCELLANEOUS.

O silence that clarion in mercy —
For it carries my soul away ;
And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,
Like the leaves on an autumn day.

O exquisite tyranny ! silence, —
My soul slips from under my hand,
And as if by instinct is fleeing
To a dread unvisited land.

Is it sound or fragrance or vision ?
Vocal light wavering down from above ?
Past prayer and past praise I am floating
Down the rapids of speechless love.

I strove, but the sweet sounds have conquered ;
Within me the Past is awake ;
The Present is grandly transfigured ;
The Future is clear as day-break.

Now Past, Present, Future, have mingled, .
A new sort of Present to make ;
And my life is all disembodied,
Without time, without space, without break.

MISCELLANEOUS.

But my soul seems floating for ever
In an orb of ravishing sounds,
Through faint-falling echoes of heavens
'Mid beautiful earths without bounds.

Now sighing, as zephyrs in summer,
The concords glide in like a stream,
With a sound that is almost a silence,
Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

Then oft, when the music is faintest,
My soul has a storm in its bowers,
Like the thunder among the mountains,
Like the wind in the abbey towers.

There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling
In their silent and eddying rings ;
We tremble,— they touch us so lightly,
Like the feathers from angels' wings.

There are pauses of marvellous silence,
That are full of significant sound,
Like music echoing music
Under water, or under ground.

MISCELLANEOUS.

That clarion again ! through what valleys
 Of deep, inward life did it roll,
Ere it blew that astonishing trumpet
 Right down in the caves of my soul ?

My mind is bewildered with echoes, —
 Not all from the sweet sounds without ;
But spirits are answering spirits
 In a beautiful muffled shout.

O cease then, wild Horns ! I am fainting ;
 If ye wail so, my heart will break ;
Some one speaks to me in your speaking
 In a language I cannot speak.

Though the sounds ye make are all foreign,
 How native, how household, they are !
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven,
 The dead and the angels, speak there.

Dear voices, that long have been silenced,
 Come clear from their peaceable land,
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness
 From the Presence in which they stand.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Or is music the inarticulate
Speech of the angels on earth?
Or the voice of the undiscovered
Bringing great truths to the birth?

O music! thou surely art worship;
But thou art not like praise or prayer;
And words make better thanksgiving
Than thy sweet melodies are.

There is in thee another worship,
An outflow of something divine;
For the voice of adoring silence,
If it could be a voice, were thine.

Thou art fugitive splendors made vocal
As they glanced from that shining sea,
Where the Vision is visible music,
Making music of spirits who see.

Thou, Lord! art the Father of music;
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee;
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,
Though it singeth them silently.

MISCELLANEOUS.

But I guess, by the stir of this music,
What raptures in heaven can be,
Where the sound is Thy marvellous stillness,
And the music is light out of Thee.





THE OLD LABORER.

GHAT end doth he fulfil?
He seems without a will,
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn
man !

He hath let the years pass,
He hath toiled and heard Mass,
Done what he could, and now does what he can.

And this forsooth is all ;
A plant or animal
Hath a more positive work to do than he ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

Along his daily beat,
Delighting in the heat,
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.

What doth God get from him?
His mind is very dim,
Too weak to love, and too obtuse to fear
Is there glory in his strife?
Is there meaning in his life?
Can God hold such a thing-like person dear?—

Peace! he is dying now;
No light is on his brow;
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.
The poor die often so—
And yet they long to go,
To take to God their overweighted hearts.

Born only to endure,
The patient, passive poor
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude,
For they are men who keep
Their lives secret and deep;
Alas! the poor are seldom understood.

MISCELLANEOUS.

This laborer that is gone
Was childless and alone,
And homeless as his Saviour was before him ;
 He told in no man's ear
 His longing, love, or fear,
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er him.

He had so long been old,
 His heart was close and cold ;
He had no love to take, no love to give ;
 Men almost wished him dead ;
 'Twas best, for him they said ;
'Twas such a weary sight to see him live.

He walked with painful stoop,
 As if life made him droop,
And care had fastened fetters round his feet ;
 He saw no bright blue sky,
 Except what met his eye
Reflected from the rain-pools in the street.

To whom was he of good ?
 He slept, and he took food ;
He used the earth and air, and kindled fire ;

MISCELLANEOUS.

He bore to take relief
Less as a right than grief ; —
To what might such a soul as his aspire ?

His inexpressive eye
Peered round him vacantly,
As if, whate'er he did, he would be chidden ;
He seemed a mere growth of earth ;
Yet even he had mirth,
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.

Alway his downcast eye
Was laughing silently,
As if he found some jubilee in thinking ;
For his one thought was God,
In that thought he abode,
For ever in that thought more deeply sinking.

Thus did he live his life,
A kind of passive strife,
Upon the God within his heart relying ;
Men left him all alone,
Because he was unknown,
But he heard the angels sing when he was dying.

MISCELLANEOUS.

God judges by a light,
Which baffles mortal sight,
And the useless seeming man the crown hath won :
 In his vast world above,
 A world of broader love,
God hath some grand employment for his Son.





THE SACRED HEART.

CNCHANGING and unchangeable,
Before angelic eyes,
The vision of the Godhead
In its tranquil beauty lies ;
And, like a city lighted up
All gloriously within,
Its countless lustres glance and gleam,
And sweetest worship win.
On the unbegotten Father,
Awful well-spring of the Three,
On the sole-begotten Son's
Co-equal majesty,
On Him eternally breathed forth
From Father and from Son,
The spirits gaze with fixed amaze,
And unreckoned ages run.

MISCELLANEOUS.

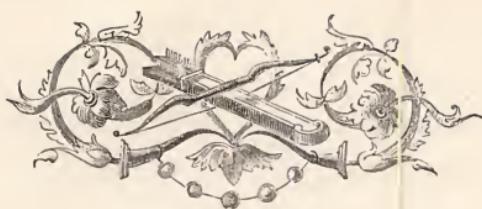
Still the fountain of the Godhead
Giveth forth eternal being ; —
Still begetting, unbegotten,
 Still His own perfection seeing,
Still limiting His own loved self
 With His dear co-equal Spirit,
No change comes o'er that blissful life,
 No shadow passeth near it.
And beautiful dread attributes,
 All manifold and bright,
Now thousands seem, now lose themselves
 In one self-living light ;
And far in that deep life of God,
 In harmony complete,
Like crownèd Kings, all opposite
 Perfections take their seat.

See ! deep within the glowing depth
 Of that eternal light,
What change hath come, what vision new
 Transports angelic sight ?
A creature can it be,
 In uncreated bliss ?
A novelty in God ?
 Oh, what nameless thing is this ?
The beauty of the Father's power

MISCELLANEOUS.

Is o'er it brightly shed ;
The sweetness of the Spirit's love
Is unction on its head ;
In the wisdom of the Son
It plays its wondrous part ;
While it lives the loving life
Of a real human heart !

A heart that hath a Mother,
And a treasure of red blood ;
A heart that man can pray to,
And feed upon for food !
In the brightness of the Godhead
Is its marvellous abode,
A change in the unchanging,
Creation touching God !
Ye spirits blest, in endless rest,
Who on that vision gaze,
Salute the Sacred Heart with all
Your worshipful amaze !
Adore, while with ecstatic skill
The Three in One ye scan,
The mercy that hath planted there
That blessed heart of man !



FROM "LIGHT IN DARKNESS."

MY soul lay at the door of death,
 Anguish and dread within ;
For all I had and all I was
 Seemed nothing then but sin.
How I could speak I cannot tell ;
 How I could dare to pray
Seemed wonderful ; and yet my heart
 To Jesus dared to say ;—

Show me the Father's face, O Lord !
 This was my venturous cry,
And close before me, as I prayed,
 Methought Some One passed by.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The space of one swift lightning's flash
Was the Majesty outspread ;
Then the angels' songs the silence broke,
And the glorious darkness fled.





THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

—

THE shadow of the rock !
Stay, Pilgrim ! stay !
Night treads upon the heels of day ;
There is no other resting-place this way.
The Rock is near,
The well is clear ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !
The desert wide
Lies round thee like a trackless tide,
In waves of sand forlornly multiplied.
The sun is gone,
Thou art alone ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The shadow of the Rock !
All come alone,
All, ever since the Sun hath shone,
Who travelled by this road have come alone.
Be of good cheer,
A home is here ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !
Night veils the land ;
How the palms whisper as they stand !
How the well tinkles faintly through the sand !
Cool waters take,
Thy thirst to slake ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock !

The shadow of the Rock !
Abide ! abide !
This rock moves ever at thy side,
Pausing to welcome thee at eventide.
Ages are laid
Beneath its shade ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock !

MISCELLANEOUS.

The shadow of the Rock !
Always at hand,
Unseen it cools the noon-tide land,
And quells the fire that flickers in the sand.
It comes in sight
Only at night ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock !

The shadow of the Rock !
'Mid skies storm-riven,
It gathers shadows out of heaven,
And holds them o'er us all night cool and even.
Through the charmed air
Dew falls not there ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !
To angels' eyes
This Rock its shadow multiplies,
And at this hour in countless places lies.
One Rock, one Shade,
O'er thousands laid ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The shadow of the Rock !
To weary feet
That have been diligent and fleet,
The sleep is deeper, and the shade more sweet.
O weary ! rest,
Thou art sore pressed ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !
Thy bed is made ;
Crowds of tired souls like thine are laid
This night beneath the self-same placid shade.
They who rest here
Wake with heaven near ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

The shadow of the Rock !
Pilgrim ! sleep sound ;
In night's swift hours, with silent bound,
The Rock will put thee over leagues of ground,
Gaining more way
By night than day ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The shadow of the Rock !
One day of pain
Thou scarce wilt hope the Rock to gain,
Yet there wilt sleep thy last sleep on the plain,
And only wake
In heaven's day-break ;
Rest in the shadow of the Rock.

